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The Temple of Joy.

In a gorgeous temple they kneel and pray,
Who worship the gods of the worldly and gay,—
In a temple rich with golden treasure,
And sweet with the incense of ceaseless pleasure,
And ringing with music that steals away
The hearts of those who thither stray.

But the costly trappings will lose their glow,
The gilded altars will tarnished grow,
And the colors, through shades of brightness ranging,
To a cheerless gray will soon be changing,
And those who now to the temple go,
When its glory wanes, will be filled with woe.

For pleasure's charm they will look in vain;
And, standing alone in their ruined fane,
Will hear but their own hearts' bitter wailing
Through the gloomy aisles and arches sailing,—
Will hear but their own deep sigh of pain,
As they long for the past to come back again.

Ah! never again will their gods return!
In the Temple of Joy no tapers burn
For those with years grown old and weary,
But all is cheerless, cold, and dreary,
And the hopes of youth, in a shattered urn,
In the twilight dim they can just discern.

K.

George Eliot.

Of all the authors who influenced the literature of their period the one known under the pseudonym, "George Eliot," is the most conspicuous; one whose novels cannot be read without feeling that they are the lasting monument of a nature triumphant under many trials, yet vanquished at last by its own despair.

George Eliot, struggling through a cloud of darkness, was sorely troubled where a less sensitive nature would have progressed content-

edly. Unlike Mrs. Humphrey Ward, she has not written with an avowed intention to teach religion; she veils it so carefully that it is often hard to discover her philosophy; betimes, however, it looms upward like some passionate whisper wishing to make itself heard. That George Eliot sometime in life was very religious is evident from her faithful representation of religious feelings. Dinah Morris on the Hay-slope Green preaches as effectively, though a single sheep in a pack of wolves, as a Tillotson and Edgar Tyran brings Janet—a second Magdalen—to repentance; both of these characters, the former especially, are the acme of portrayal, and could only be delineated by a soul warm with fervent love. Still her intense admiration of nature too often carries her away, and she would have us believe "our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of an autumn sunset, or pillowed vistas, or calm, majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty. Our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence; our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery." George Eliot is at her best in any species of description, whether of nature, or of the various scenes in the life of man.

"We do not hear," she muses in "Adam Bede," "that Memnon's statue gave forth its melody at all under the rushing of the mightiest wind, or in response to any other influence, divine or human, than certain short-lived sunbeams of morning"; so too her own pen was attuned most sweetly in the description of her environments.

Her pathos in the presence of death, "the great reconciler," is profound; hers is not a

soul that "will not vibrate in the least under the touch that fills others with tremulous rapture or quivering agony." Who can read the last three chapters in the first scene from "Clerical Life" without being touched to the heart's inmost chord? We see the bereaved husband kneeling disconsolately beside the bed of his dying wife; we follow him through the burial ceremonies and foresee his future desolate years.

"Spring would come, and she would not be there; summer, and she would not be there; and he would never have her again with him by the fireside in the long evenings. The seasons all seemed irksome to his thoughts; and how dreary the sunshiny days that would be sure to come!"

Nor is this scene any more pathetic than the death of Dempster, with his wife Janet yearning "for one moment in which she might satisfy the deep forgiving pity of her soul by one look of love, one word of tenderness."

As for her psychological insight, George Eliot is but a little removed from Shakspeare. "Adam Bede" could be read over many times and one would not have a thorough insight into all the characters.

Seth, the gentle, kind-hearted "Methody," relinquishes all for his brother's sake. He had loved Dinah "with that devotion which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself," but when he saw he could not, or rather that he may not marry her he cheerfully resigned in favor of Adam. Then we have Hetty Sorrel who, despite many little blemishes, is delightful. Her end is so tragic that one is astounded by the tragic morality of it.

Deronda, Maggie and Tom, Maynard Gilfil and Dempster are each characters displaying the profound psychological insight of the author. Her groups are always natural. Nothing can surpass the Poyser family. Her style is strong, elegant, emotional and shows a plenitude of intellectuality; nor does it lack beauty and suggestiveness. Her pen seems to flow gently onward and one likes to read her works without a pause.

Her philosophy is not good, but many of her works can be read without one feeling the horrible gloom of it. Beyond doubt she is as remarkable a novelist as any man of this century. Give me "Adam Bede," or scenes from "Clerical Life," or "The Mill on the Floss," and I cannot be lonely.

A. KEHOE.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that blooms to-day
To-morrow will be dying. —Herrick.

The Crusades.

III.

Meanwhile the irruption of the barbarians had produced great changes throughout Europe. The new settlers had very little intercourse with one another, and, disdaining policy as fit only for cowards, they engaged in war without regard to its dangers and consequences; they negotiated peace without a thought of its advantages; and the royal dignity had nowhere sufficient power to check anarchy and the abuses of feudalism. The men of the West were valiant, and set a high price on glory: the sentiments of honor that created knight-hood in Europe directed their energies and sometimes took the place of virtue and justice.

Amongst them the doctrines of the Gospel had great influence, disposing them to enthusiasm and forming heroes and saints at one and the same time. Although religion was not always crowned with success in teaching its pure morality, and though its influence might be sometimes abused, nevertheless, it set to work to soften the customs of the barbarian invaders; it used its sacred authority in favor of the weak; it inspired the violent with salutary fear, and it often corrected the injustice of human laws. In such a state of things it was easy to excite the people by proposing to them the defence of the cause of religion and of the Christian people.

During the first three centuries after the Ascension of our Lord, Palestine, like all other provinces of the Roman empire, experienced the fury of the persecutors of Christianity. But when Constantine renounced the worship of the false gods he gave peace to the Church. His mother, St. Helena, found the true Cross and built a magnificent temple over the sepulchre of Christ, and for a period of about three hundred years the Christians of Palestine were happy beneath the shadow of Calvary. But then came a change. Phocas, an ignorant and cruel soldier, usurped the throne of Constantinople, and his executioners cut off the heads of the five sons of Maurice in presence of their father: and then Maurice himself was beheaded, after a reign of twenty years. His death furnished Chosroes, king of Persia, with a pretext to declare war, for Maurice had saved the throne of Chosroes. Like a devastating torrent the Persian armies overran the fairest provinces of Syria, and, with the help of twenty-six thousand Jews, who, out of hatred to the Christians,

offered their treasures and their lives to the conquerors, Chosroes laid siege to Jerusalem, A. D. 618. Thirty-six thousand Christians perished in the siege, and those that escaped the dreadful slaughter had to mourn the loss of their liberty as well as the destruction of their dwellings and the profanation of the churches, together with the loss of our Saviour's Cross, which was carried away amongst the spoils.

Chosroes went rapidly on his conquering path, and Alexandria, the second capital of the empire, yielded to the Persian arms. Heraclius, who had been proclaimed emperor in place of the cruel Phocas, had only a few cities of Greece left under his command. He had met with great defeats in Asia, Africa, and the Persians had arrived at the very gates of Constantinople. In those critical circumstances he resolved to abandon the city; and when the ships, loaded with treasures, were awaiting him in port ready to hoist their anchors at the first signal, the patriarch came out to meet him, and with the authority of religion detained him, led him to the Church of St. Sophia, and, prostrate before the altar, called upon him to swear to live or die in defence of the people whom God had entrusted to his care.

From this time a change was observed in Heraclius, which inspired confidence in all hearts. Calling his troops together, he put himself at their head, and being determined to fight to the death for religion and the empire, he carried war and desolation into Persia, obliging the infidels to hasten back to the defence of their own country. The spirit of the Christians was reanimated; and now each battle was a victory for them, until the army of Chosroes was finally defeated in the decisive battle of Ninive, Dec. 12, A. D. 627. Numberless captives held in slavery in Persia recovered their liberty, and the true Cross was brought back to Jerusalem. Then was beheld the spectacle of an emperor of the East walking barefooted through the streets of Jerusalem, carrying on his shoulders up to the summit of Calvary the instrument of man's redemption, which he considered the most glorious trophy of his victories.

IV.

At the beginning of the seventh century we see a new religion springing into existence in a corner of Asia, which preached domination and war. Mahomet promised the conquest of the world to the miserable inhabitants of the desert, and all sorts of sensual pleasures after death, and by his impassioned teachings he succeeded in firing the imaginations of the

Arabs and communicating to them a share of his own boldness on the field of battle: He began by testing the valor of his armed disciples against the neighboring tribes, and in order to increase their number he procured for himself immense riches by attacking and robbing the caravans that crossed the desert. His first triumphs increased the confidence of his followers and brought conviction to the minds of the weak. When he saw his power assured, he determined that the Koran should rule the world without a rival, and in a short time he had all Arabia and a part of Syria and Persia under his dominion. Poison put a term to his conquests and his life in the year 632.

Abu-Bekir and Omar continued his work. Masters of Persia, Syria and Egypt, their victorious hosts spread over Africa, planted the standard of the prophet on the ruins of Carthage and carried the terror of their arms to the shores of the Atlantic. They crossed the Mediterranean and made themselves masters of Spain, from which they were finally driven by Ferdinand and Isabella after an occupation of about seven hundred years. Had not Providence raised up Charles Martel, who drove their countless hosts from the southern provinces of Gaul, all Europe would probably have shared the fate of the East and have been enslaved by the followers of Mahomet. Constantinople, the bulwark of the West, saw innumerable hordes of Saracens before its walls; and being repeatedly attacked by land and sea, it owed its salvation only to the Greek fire, the aid of the Bulgarians, and the inexperience of the Arabs in the art of navigation.

In their first conquests the Mahometans had fixed their eyes on Jerusalem, because, as they believed, the prophet of Mecca had honored the city of David and Solomon by his presence, and had thence ascended into heaven in his nocturnal journey. Basora, Damascus, Heliopolis, and other important cities of Syria, fell successively into their power, and, after the imperial army had been defeated in the terrible battle of Farmuth, the country lay at the mercy of the conquerors.

The danger that threatened the inhabitants of Jerusalem inspired them with the resolution to defend themselves to the last. It was not long till siege was laid by the victorious army of the Crescent, and in the space of four months not a day passed without an assault or a sally; not a day in which besiegers and besieged did not, in a thousand ways, carry on the attack and the defence, until, reduced to the last extremity, and not having the remotest hope of

assistance from without, the inhabitants of Jerusalem thought of capitulating. Sophronius the patriarch appeared on the walls and, through an interpreter, asked for a conference with the leader of the besieging army. An honorable capitulation was agreed upon, and the patriarch requested and obtained that Omar himself should come to Jerusalem to sign the terms and receive the keys.

The Christians had the sorrow to behold the Church of the Holy Sepulchre profaned by the presence of the commander of the unbelievers; and the patriarch Sophronius, who accompanied the caliph, could not refrain from repeating the words of the Prophet:* *The abomination of desolation shall be in the holy place.* Jerusalem was in mourning, and a melancholy silence reigned in the churches and in all those places where for so long a time the hymns of the Christians had resounded. Although the capitulation assured to them the free exercise of their worship, the conquerors interpreted the clause in their own way, and it was necessary to hide the crosses, the sacred vessels, and the holy books. The bells no longer summoned the faithful to church; all pomp in carrying out the ceremonies was forbidden, and religion seemed desolate and shorn of all its attractiveness.

Whilst Omar lived, the fate of the Christians of Palestine was not altogether intolerable; but after his death they were subjected to countless insults and spoliations.

Matters became still more intolerable for the Christians when the Turks captured the city from the successors of Omar. When, after traversing hostile regions and going through a thousand dangers, the pilgrims reached the Holy City, the gates were opened only to those that could pay a heavy tribute; and as most of them were poor, and those that had anything when they set out from home were robbed on the way, they wandered disconsolately around Jerusalem. The majority of them perished of thirst, hunger, nakedness, or by the scymetars of the barbarians. Those that succeeded in entering the Holy City were not free from danger, because the threats and the sanguinary outrages of the Turks pursued them on Calvary, on Mount Sion, wherever they went. When they assembled in the churches with their brethren, a furious mob would interrupt the divine offices by their shouts, would trample on the sacred vessels, mount on the altars, and insult and beat the clergy whilst they were exercising their functions. Their violence and

cruelty broke out chiefly at the time of the great festivals; and the days held most in reverence by the Church were marked above other days by the persecution and the murder of the faithful.

V.

At this time Peter the Hermit, a native of Picardy in France, appears upon the scene. After having sought alternately in a literary career, in the profession of arms, and in the Church the joys and peace for which his restless and ardent spirit craved, disgusted with a world in which he could find no happiness, he sought as a last resource the solitude of a most austere cloister. He had the fervor of an apostle and the courage of a martyr. His zeal knew no bounds, and whatever he took in hand seemed feasible to him. When he spoke, the passions that inspired him animated his words and gestures and soon infected his audience. Nothing could withstand the force of his eloquence and example.

His natural activity soon led him to embark upon a new career. Persuaded that he was called to a high mission, he joined the multitudes of Christians that were going to Jerusalem. The sight of Calvary and of the Holy Sepulchre stirred him to the depths of his being: the evidences of the barbarity of the Turks and the grievances to which the Christians were subjected aroused his indignation.

Peter went to pay his respects to the patriarch, and the white hair of Simeon, his venerable countenance, and the persecutions that he had suffered took entire possession of his imagination. His heart sore and his cheeks wet with tears, he asked the patriarch whether there was no term or remedy for such calamities.

"O most faithful of Christians!" exclaimed Simeon, "do you not see that our iniquities have closed the gates of the mercies of the Lord? Asia is in the power of the Mussulmans; all the East has become enslaved, and no power on earth can help or save us."

And when Peter interrupted him to say that the warriors of the West might some day become liberators of the Holy City, the patriarch replied:

"Yes, no doubt; when the cup of our afflictions is filled to the brim, when God is moved to compassion by our miseries, He will soften the hearts of the princes of the West and will send them to the relief of Jerusalem."

Peter and Simeon both opened their hearts to hope and embraced with tears.

After several conferences with the principal Christians of Jerusalem, the patriarch resolved

* Daniel, ix., 27.

to implore the aid of the Pope and of the princes of Europe; and Peter the Hermit bound himself by oath to be the spokesman of the Christians of the East, and to urge the West to fight for their liberty.

Charged with letters from the patriarch, he leaves Palestine, crosses the seas, and goes to cast himself at the Pope's feet. Urban II. ardently embraced the project; he applauded the piety and zeal of Peter, and charged him to announce to the people the speedy deliverance of Jerusalem.

The Hermit traversed Italy and crossed the Alps, went through France and the greater part of Europe, inspiring the people everywhere with the same ardor that possessed himself. He travelled on a mule, a crucifix in his hand, his feet bare, no covering on his head, clad in a rough sackcloth, and girt with a cord. The poverty of his dress, his charity, the morality he preached, caused him to be revered as a saint. Although small and deformed, a superior force animated his weak body. He went from city to city, from province to province, appealing to the courage of some and the piety of others; now he presented himself in the pulpits of the churches, again he preached in the public squares. His eloquence was lively and infectious; full of those vehement apostrophes that electrify the multitude. He told of the profanation of the Holy Places and how the blood of the Christians was poured out in torrents in the streets of Jerusalem; he called upon Heaven to witness the truth of his words; and he appealed to Mount Sion, the rock of Calvary, and the Garden of Olives, making them re-echo with sobs and lamentations. On his travels he occasionally met Christians from the East, ill-treated by the infidels, banished from their country, and reduced to beg their bread; he presented them to the people as living witnesses of the cruelty of the Mussulmans; and showing the marks of their wounds and the rags that covered them, he declaimed against their oppressors and executioners. The people lamented the misfortunes and the ignominy of Jerusalem and raised their voices to Heaven, imploring God to look with mercy on His beloved city. Some offered their goods, some their prayers, and all promised their lives for the deliverance of the Holy Places.

VI.

Amidst this general agitation the emperor of Constantinople, Alexis, threatened by the Turks, sent ambassadors to the Pope to solicit the help of the Latin people. He had already before this sent messages to the courts of

Europe in which he related the conquests of the Turks in Asia Minor, and the dangers in which the city of Constantinople was placed unless speedy help came from all Christian people.

The Pope immediately summoned a council to meet in Placentia. The preaching of Peter the Hermit had prepared the minds of men in such a manner that more than two hundred bishops, four thousand priests, and thirty thousand of the faithful obeyed the summons, and the meeting was held in a plain outside the city. In that assembly all eyes were fixed on the Greek ambassadors: their presence of itself announced the disasters of the East. They began by recounting to the assembly the circumstances and the object of their mission, and they called upon the princes and warriors to save Constantinople and Jerusalem. At the same time Urban II. supported their words by all the reasons which the interests of Christendom and the cause of religion suggested.

The council, however, came to no decision in this matter. Another council was therefore summoned to meet at Clermont. The most famous doctors honored it by their presence and helped it by their counsels. The city could hardly accommodate within its walls the princes, ambassadors, and prelates. The villages round about were thronged with people, and many were obliged to set up tents in the open fields, though the weather was intensely cold.

During its first sessions the council directed its attention to matters of ecclesiastical discipline, and tried to devise means to put a stop to feuds. On the slightest pretext one family would declare war on another, and the feuds thus commenced were kept up for generations, so that Europe was full of disorders arising from this source. In the powerlessness of the laws and government the Church repeatedly brought her influence and authority to bear in order to restore peace.

The important session in which the name of Jerusalem resounded was held in the public square of Clermont, at which an immense multitude was present. In the centre of the square a platform was erected for the Sovereign Pontiff and the cardinals. Peter the Hermit was the first to speak: his voice, tremulous with emotion, made a deep impression. He told of the outrages offered to the faith of Christ, and the profanations and sacrileges of which he himself had been witness; the torments and vexations suffered by those that went to visit the Holy Places. He had seen Christians loaded with chains, carried into slavery, driven to the yoke like vile animals; he had seen the

oppressors sell the faithful permits to visit the Sepulchre of the Redeemer, snatch from them even the bread of misery, and torture poverty itself to extort tribute; the ministers of God driven violently from the sanctuary, beaten, and condemned to a shameful death. He concluded with a burning appeal to all to fly to the help of their brethren in Jerusalem.

Urban then spoke to the multitude with the voice of authority, placing before them the sad picture of a city, so cherished by God and famous by so many titles, reduced to bend its neck to the yoke of a cruel master. He showed the heritage of Christ delivered over to the infamy of slavery; the children of God pursued like wild beasts; the Turkish hordes planting their standards in all the regions of the East, and Christian Europe threatened by victorious barbarians.

Whilst Urban was describing the desolation of Jerusalem, the entire audience wept with compassion; his appeal to the valor of the warriors excited an impatient ardor.

"Unfortunates that we are!" he exclaimed, "who live in these calamitous days! Have we fallen upon an age reprobated by God, that we should witness the destruction of the Holy City and stand quietly by whilst it groans beneath the heels of its oppressors? Is it not better to die fighting than longer to suffer this pitiful spectacle? Let us all weep for our sins, which have aroused the divine anger; let us weep over unhappy Jerusalem, but let not our tears be like seed cast upon the sand; let the holy war be enkindled by the fervor of our repentance; let the love of our brethren animate us to the combat, and let this struggle against the enemies of the people of God be stronger than death itself.

"O warriors who listen to me, who are ever on the watch for a vain pretext to fight, now is the time to show whether or not you are animated by true courage! The time has come to expiate so many deeds of violence done in the midst of peace, so many victories stained by injustice! You who were so often the terror of your fellow-citizens, and you who for a vile price sold your services to the fury of another, now, like new Maccabees, go to defend the honor of Israel, which is the vine of the Lord of hosts. It is not now a question of avenging the injuries done to men, but those that are committed against God; it is not now a question of attacking a city or a castle, but of conquering the holy places. If you triumph, the blessings of Heaven and the kingdoms of Asia will be your reward; if you perish you will have

the glory of dying in those very places pressed by the footsteps of Christ, and God will not forget that He saw you fighting in His holy service. Let not degrading passions nor worldly sentiments keep you at home. Soldiers of the living God, listen now to no other groans than those of Sion; cut asunder all earthly ties, and remember what the Lord has said: 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me. Everyone that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for My name's sake shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting.'"

Carried away by an enthusiasm such as was never inspired by merely human eloquence, the vast audience burst out into the unanimous cry: *God wills it! God wills it!* which reverberated through the city like the roar of thunder.

"Yes, beyond doubt, God wills it," continued the Pontiff. "To-day you see fulfilled the words of the Saviour, who promised to be in the midst of the faithful when two or three were gathered together in His name. He it is who inspired you with the words that you have just uttered. Let them be your battle-cry, and let them everywhere announce the presence of the God of armies!"

In concluding these words Urban held aloft before the assembly the Sign of Redemption. "Behold the Saviour," he said, "who presents to you His Cross. The Cross shall be the sign raised aloft amongst all nations which shall gather together the scattered children of Israel. Wear it on your shoulder or your breast; let it glitter on your arms and banners, and it will be to you the pledge of victory or the palm of martyrdom. The Cross will ever remind you that Jesus Christ died for you, and that you ought to die for him."*

Loud acclamations interrupted the Pontiff. Piety and indignation stirred up the multitude. Some lamented the sad fate of Jerusalem, others vowed to exterminate the Mussulman race, when at a sign from the Pope silence was restored.

Adhemar de Monteil, Bishop of Puy, was the first to ask for and receive the cross from the Pope's hands, and many other bishops followed his example. The barons and knights that had listened to the exhortations of Urban forgot their quarrels and took the oath to fight side by side for the liberation of Jerusalem. All the faithful promised to respect the decisions of the council and adorned themselves with a red

* Baronius, ann. 1095.

cross, and hence they were called *Crusaders*, and the wars against the Saracens were called *Crusades*.

The ardor for the pilgrimage extended on all sides: it was the only subject of conversation, the only thing of interest, the only ambition. The desire of visiting the Holy Places and of conquering the East had become the universal feeling, or rather passion. The love of country, family ties, the tenderest affections of the heart, yielded before the ideas and opinions by which all Europe was carried away. Moderation was looked upon as cowardice, indifference as treason, and opposition as attempted sacrilege.

VII.

Let us here pause to sum up. The terror of the Christian arms arrested the Mussulman nations, which were ready to fall upon Europe and involve the Christian people in their barbarism. The founder of Mahometanism, proposed to make the Koran supreme, and his followers had not lost sight of that object.

The crusades were beneficial to Europe in its internal situation. By supplying the restless spirits of the newly-converted tribes of the North with a field on which to expend their warlike energies, they contributed in a great measure to do away with those petty wars and some of the other curses that arose out of feudalism. Private hatreds were, to a great extent, swallowed up in the one overmastering hatred of the enemies of Christianity and of Christian civilization.

This grand movement in Europe was of undoubted advantage to navigation and commerce. European vessels frequented the Mediterranean as they had never done before, and some of the Italian states in particular became rich and powerful in consequence.

The crusades were a first blow struck at feudalism. Great multitudes of serfs and slaves obtained their freedom, the very fact of joining the Holy War making them free. And finally, many of the princes on their return from Asia gave their people wise and humane laws instead of the tyrannical codes by which they had hitherto been governed. T.

How Some of the French Kings Died.

Louis VI., whilst pursuing a wolf on his journey from Laon to Rheims, fell violently from his horse, and from his injuries there resulted a kind of leprosy of which he died, October 15, 954. The eldest son of Louis VI.,

Philip, who was crowned on Easter day, 1129, in presence of King Henry of England, rode one day through a suburb of Paris. His horse, sheering before one of the pigs, of which at that time many ran about in the streets, threw him off, and he died, but sixteen years of age, in consequence of this fall. Philip IV., the Bold, while hunting near Fontainebleau, in 1304, met a wild boar which ran under his horse causing it to stumble. The king expired on the spot. Charles VII. died of starvation because he believed that his son, Louis XI., poisoned his food. Charles VIII. was struck by apoplexy. Francis I. died of festering ulcers. Henry II. tilted with Count Montgomery on June 29, 1559. The latter's lance broke on the king's coat of mail, and a splinter pierced his head through the negligently closed visor. This wound caused his death on July 10. Francis II. died of an ulcer on his head. Charles IX. died of a hemorrhage on May 30, 1574. The blood issued from all parts of his body, even from under the nails and out of the pores. Henry III. was stabbed by Jacques Clément, a Dominican monk and fanatic. Henry IV. was stabbed by François Ravallac, a fanatic, May 14, 1600. Louis XV. died of small-pox and Louis XVI. on the scaffold. J.

The October "Century."

The Columbus interest culminates, as it should, in the October *Century*, contemporaneously with the celebrations at New York and Chicago, the frontispiece being the newly-brought out "Lotto" portrait of Columbus, owned by Mr. J. W. Ellsworth, of Chicago. It is accompanied by an explanatory paper by the critic John C. Van Dyke. In the same number, the Spanish statesman, Castelar, writes of Columbus' homeward voyage after the great discovery; and the architect Van Brunt describes the Fisheries Building, the exquisite Art Building, and the United States Government Building at the World's Fair. In addition to this is an editorial on the Fair, in which it is declared that Chicago, in the housing of the World's Fair, has not only equalled but has surpassed Paris. The editor adds: "We shall have an exhibition more dignified, beautiful, and truly artistic than any the world has seen." An article of immediate and almost sensational interest is Professor Jenk's paper on "Money in Practical Politics," describing the methods, shamefully common, in what are called "practical politics" in this country. He goes into most curious details, and discusses the causes of corruption and proposed remedies. The opening paper of the number is a very striking piece of autobiography by Archibald Farbes, the famous war correspondent, who describes in the first of a series of two papers what he saw of the Paris Commune.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-SIXTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—The *Catholic Columbian*, in its issue of last week, has the following:

"Where, for instance, is there for Catholic youth a monthly magazine like the *St. Nicholas*, or a weekly publication like *Harper's Young People*? Nowhere. Where are there books like Louise M. Alcott's 'Old-Fashioned Girl' and Oliver Optic's 'Stories for Boys'? Nowhere."

It must be remembered, however, that the periodical *Our Young People*, published at Milwaukee, would equal, if not surpass, anything produced by *Harper's Young People* or *The St. Nicholas*, if it were properly encouraged. Prof. Egan's "Stories of Duty," Father Talbot's "Prairie Boy" and "Midshipman Bob," by Miss Ellen Dorsey, not to speak of whole volumes of admirable stories in the *Ave Maria*, are unquestionably better than any work of Optic or Miss Alcott. "Midshipman Bob" is *par excellence* superior to anything Mr. Optic ever wrote. In fact, he is not capable of writing anything its equal.

—A study much neglected by the young men of to-day is that of government. Every American boy should know the Constitution of the United States. Yet it is a grievous fact that many members of the rising generation have their mental diagram filled with the names of base-ball players, and not the slightest knowledge of the framers of the Declaration of Independence. How can they value their home as a seat of civilization never to be eradicated? They have no conception of our grand laws—a country where every man that has a thought may speak it out; where virtue and man's dignity, the questions that great Rome knew, are solved.

Brownson's "American Republic" for the philosophy of government and its origin, DeTocqueville's, "Democracy in America" for origin and philosophy of American government, and Bryce's "Commonwealth" for description of her laws and legal mechanism, are books that every college graduate should have read before he is given a degree. The fruition of liberty in this our young Columbia only rests in the power of those who know her laws in principle, and who by this knowledge can stand in awe of a people governing themselves, free from despots, each state with its own legislature, but all drawn together in one grand Union.

A Golden Anniversary.

Fifty years ago, on a November day, a young missionary stood on the banks of St. Mary's Lake, and viewed an unbroken prairie, which is now the present site of Notre Dame du Lac. With the exception of a log church, 20 by 40 erected by his predecessor, the saintly Father Badin, no shelter was to be found on that primeval spot. The young priest was Father Sorin; and having left his home and country to raise the Christian emblem in heathen lands, he was not to be discouraged when his heart burned with Christian zeal and faith was strong within him.

He was accompanied by a small band of men who formed the Community of the Holy Cross in America, and they were efficient aids in the noble work Father Sorin had undertaken. The Brothers numbered seven and all have gone to their last reward, except good Brother Francis Xavier, who has made the coffins of all who died at Notre Dame, and most likely will do the same for many years to come.

Four months after his arrival, Father Sorin

had negotiated for brick and lumber to lay the foundation of a Catholic college; but it was not until August 20 that the corner-stone of the University was laid. The Manual Labor School was also founded which is a standing monument of Father Sorin's charity and love towards his fellow-man. A novitiate was soon built, and postulants were not wanting to swell the noble band of missionaries.

Years passed, bringing trials and hardships; but Father Sorin placed himself and his work under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and never lost confidence. But with the passing years the country became well populated and Notre Dame benefited by the advantages of commercial surroundings.

In 1865, Father Sorin established a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin and called it the *Ave Maria*. He wanted to increase the devotion and love of the American Catholics towards his protectress. How well he succeeded, the large circulation of the *Ave Maria* testifies. The magazine has the strongest staff of contributors that could be procured.

In 1868 Father Sorin was elected Superior-General of the Congregation, and this honor shortly preceded the silver jubilee of Notre Dame which occurred in 1869. The College at this time was rapidly progressing under the presidency of Father Corby, who found no obstacle too great to surmount, no labor too difficult to perform in order to maintain Notre Dame's standing among the best educational establishments of the country. But scarcely had the festivities of the silver jubilee year died out when a destructive fire played havoc with the College, and the University was burned to ground. But there was more than an earthly interest in Notre Dame, and like a phoenix Our Lady's city rose in greater grandeur from the ashes, and the present university building was erected. One year after another witnessed the increasing success of Notre Dame. A Minim Department was founded for the little fellows who were to become Father Sorin's little princes. Science Hall and Washington Hall were soon added to the architectural beauty of the place, and as we approach the present time we witness Notre Dame in the golden age of her prosperity. It is truly fitting then that she celebrate with undiminished joy and thanksgiving to God the golden jubilee that is dawning upon us.

To few is granted the favor of witnessing the result of their life's labor. This pleasure is Father Sorin's who on his 79th birthday beholds his labors crowned with success, and Notre Dame the first Catholic college in the country,

and in moral training superior to any public educational institute; for the students sent forth from Notre Dame du Lac are trained to become good Christians and citizens of a great Republic.

F.

Observations.

"If anybody under the sun deserves to be ostracized from society, surely that person is the professional 'guy!'" Of course, I quote the statement, and, what is more, I brand it as a slander. The "guy," as I understand, is a funny man who likes to joke about the doings of others, and, in general, make his neighbor feel cheap whenever he can. Now, I don't believe there is anything wrong about his way of acting; why abuse him? He is an invention of the glorious nineteenth century, and certainly one worth considering.

Do not denounce him without a hearing. Be more patriotic; your age demands it. His qualities, like those of the tramp, are far above the ordinary; his future is a beacon light of hopes. Picture him to yourself at any post in life, and you shall find that in talent he is not wanting. Look at him as a poet: he has a wonderful imagination. He can tell your secrets before your face, and give them a new interpretation that will make you blush; he loves to misconstrue real motives; he will even invent stories, if in any way they may aid him in his plans.

Should he choose to be a historian, doubtless he would succeed; for if he is not well-informed, no one is; this, I may say, is an accomplishment that would be of service to him in society. He always has something new to tell the people, and his way of making himself understood is so charming. Ah! yes, he is an artist too. With what skill does he not paint his pictures! How delicate are the changing hues—on the countenance of his victim! He pictures human nature as it is. Did you ever watch him while at work? Did you see the blushing cheek, or mark the threatening scowl? These are perfect pictures, works of art. So with the other positions in life. But, in all, he is a hero, daring in his undertakings and successful to the end. I believe in the "guy," and denounce the slander.

* *

Readers of the local columns will be glad to learn that a certain kind friend of suffering humanity has at last succeeded in bringing the "Stamp Act" into effect; henceforth enthusiastic collectors, engaged in the laudable occupation of procuring steel engravings of noted presi-

dents, will find it profitable both to themselves and others to refrain from publishing weekly the result of their labors—one grand surprise in the last number will be worth a hundred of less significance.

It has been truly said that "birds of a feather flock together;" and in the following case it applies very well. During the past few days the weather has been somewhat chilly; in fact, I, for one, felt it cold, and, as a consequence, was little surprised to see the winter overcoat dusting the bicycle track. On Wednesday afternoon the Irish frieze and chinchilla seemed to be very good friends, indeed, to a certain class; but, strange to say, their owners all congregated under a favorite apple tree in the southeast corner of the campus. It was evident they were not in search of fruit; yet it was certainly strange that only the "chilly" kind were admitted.

Query: will some one please explain the why and wherefore of that meeting?

There are some people who always put themselves where they are not wanted; some who, addicted to curiosity, make themselves disagreeable to the community in general, and would do well to learn a lesson when it is offered. Now, gentle reader, you must not take offence at so bold a rebuke; for, between you and me, it would be a confession of your guilt. We have all noticed this objectionable character at one time or another, and feel, no doubt, a mild relief that he is at length exposed. He never means to do anyone harm; he is simply in search of knowledge; he longs for Pope's "Pierian Spring." You are engaged in private conversation with your friend, when he unceremoniously pipes in your ear: "What is it? What time does he make in practice? That's right, old boy, he'll never win the race!" It is useless to picture the scene that follows; you know how it is yourself.

A few of this class have a love for good music, but their manner of showing it is far from being commendable. The organ in the church begins to shake the pillars, some soloist is making his first effort, discordant tones are heard in the choir, and suddenly that class, in whom curiosity is abnormally developed, turn about in their seats and stare, stare, stare; when they get through they turn back again. That's all; only don't take offence, because then you would give yourself away.

THE OBSERVER.

Exchanges.

—Probably the most unfortunate chance that can befall an ordinary man is to be called upon to succeed a very clever man in any given work. The dark spots on the moon are painfully evident to eyes that have revelled in the glories of the noon-day sun. It is therefore with proper sentiments of diffidence that the present exchange editor enters upon the duties of his office. He is tortured at once by the thought of the difficulty of his own position and of the ease with which his successor (may he be more portly and more genial than ourselves!) will discharge his duties. While, therefore, he drops his humble "curtsy" in salutation he invokes the tolerance of a community little given to violence, and whose confidence it shall ever be his highest ambition to deserve.

—The promptness with which our exchanges have made their way to our sanctum, is highly commendable. It proves that college journalism is not task-work, but rather a pleasant occupation in which it is a privilege to engage. Success, *nos chers confrères*, and may your quills be dipped in charity—you will find it much the pleasantest ink to use.

—Did it ever occur to you that college papers had a personality—a certain flavor that first attracts or repels one, and then confirms one in love or displeasure. There is the sombre paper with funereal cover, with long pages given over to the mutilation of German philosophy and from which anything light or gay is scrupulously banished. Then there is its complement—the airy, giddy paper suggestive of "girls skipping the rope." There is the neat, spicy journal and the hide-bound paper rolled up like the main-spring of a Waterbury watch.

—If we were asked to name a "neat, spicy journal" we should unhesitatingly point to the *Brunonian* of Brown University. It is a standing proof of what a few clever young men can accomplish under favorable circumstances. One feels sure of finding something of interest in its columns, and our experience leads us to affirm that the *Brunonian* is seldom disappointing. Its poets have really a "touch" of the "*divinus afflatus*," and its literary columns compare favorably with our most reputable magazines.

—The *Dartmouth* is an effort in a lighter vein of journalism. It is marked by invariable good taste; but sometimes proves very tiresome, because mere "good taste," like virtue, is seldom attractive unless it be seasoned with some

more interesting quality. The *Dartmouth* is, of course, immeasurably superior to the majority of our exchanges, and these strictures are only justifiable on the grounds that we expect very much indeed from the literary mouth-piece of Dartmouth college.

—The literary columns of the *Round Table* are cast in the strong, heroic mould which its title suggests. College life offers abundant field for the exercise of the sturdy old Arthurian virtues. We feel sure the young Sir Knights of Beloit College will be faithful to their trust.

—Speaking of the "personality" of college papers, we wonder why the *Haverfordian* always reminds us of dear old Sir Roger de Coverly. There is Sir Roger's courtly grace, his attention to detail in appearance, his honest nature—in fact, the *Haverfordian* has always been to us, in a small way of course, Sir Roger *Redivivus*. We welcome it as an old friend.

Personals.

—Mr. Garfias, of the city of Mexico, visited his son of Carroll Hall on last Sunday.

—Rev. President Walsh went to Chicago on Monday to attend the funeral of John J. Fitzgibbon.

—Leon G. Gibert (Com'l), '84, is successfully conducting a General Brokerage and Commission Business in New Orleans.

—We are informed that Mr. Fred Carney (Com'l), '89, is assisting his father in a large lumber concern at Marinette, Wis.

—Frank Dexter was a most welcome visitor during the week. Old boys will be pleased to know that Frank is enjoying the best of health. His visit, however, should have been longer.

—The Rev. Father Nugent was a most welcome visitor during the week. His presence in the refectory was a source of pleasure to the students, and they gave evidence of it by prolonged applause.

—Very sad indeed was the news bringing the tidings of the death of John J. Fitzgibbon, of South Chicago. Mr. Fitzgibbon, though a student of Notre Dame many years ago, was liked so well by the present students that his death was a severe shock to all.

—E. J. Darragh, '88, has entered a new state—matrimony. The marriage was performed last week in St. Paul by Rev. P. Agnew. The bride is Miss Nellie Agnew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Agnew. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Darragh left for an eastern trip and the SCHOLASTIC will be happy to announce their visit very soon to *Alma Mater*.

—Hugh O'Neill (LL. M.), '92, is now making

rapid steps to the goal of success. His time is mostly taken up by political speeches, and his eloquence has already convinced his Prohibition friends of the good to follow from the election of Mr. Cleveland. Hugh hopes to start in his profession very soon. His office will most likely be in Chicago, St. Paul, or Minneapolis. Cresco will lose a bright citizen when he leaves it.

Obituary.

JOHN J. FITZGIBBON, '61.

With the deepest regret we have learned the sad news of the death of Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon, who departed this life on the 1st inst. at his residence in South Chicago, Ill., after a lingering illness. The deceased was in the fifty-sixth year of his age and a native of Ireland, coming to America when seventeen years old. '59, '60 and '61 were passed at the University, where his naturally gifted mind received the training and culture which he eagerly sought. In 1863 he became a professor in the University of St. Mary's of the Lake, Chicago, and editor of the *Western Catholic*. Subsequently, he engaged in commercial pursuits with signal success, and in 1880 organized the Calumet National Bank in South Chicago, the affairs of which he conducted with marked ability. He ever retained the deepest affection for his *Alma Mater*, whose interests he sought to advance whenever an opportunity presented itself. His visits to Notre Dame were always the source of the greatest pleasure, not only to the friends of old-time school days, but also to the many new friends, who in the intercourse which time brought about were attracted by his genial character and gifted mind. We hope, in our next number, to publish a worthy tribute to his memory. It is a consolation to the bereaved ones, near and dear to him, to know that his life was that of a consistent Christian, and to be strengthened by the confident hope that his reward is that of the just. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Frost!

—Football!

—Who stole that hat?

—Fatty got to first on a home run.

—The third round was very exciting.

—The Carrolls are waiting for that roller.

—L. wonders whence came those cushions.

—The Juniors now kick and cuff the football.

—The votes for "Podunk" did not elect him.

—The heart-extractor is on the war-path. Look out!

—The Peoria man has at length retired from the box.

—Football is now the rage among the Brownsons.

—There lurketh pugilistic genius in Diggy. Tom Poet, beware!

—Competitions will be held next week in the Commercial Course.

—Josie is disconsolate over the loss of a valuable (?) ink well.

—Four new students have been enrolled in the law class this week.

—Is the telescope in the Observatory or is it not? that's the question.

—Look out for fast time in the five-mile bicycle race on Field Day!

—A handball association is to be organized by the "fiends" in Brownson hall.

—*Excelsus, Excelsior, Excelsissimus!* John says, is the step-ladder of the new Staff.

—Some worn-out punster wants to know who framed the Constitutions of Sorin Hall.

—"That's a new style of bike." "Yes, *new-matic* style." "Oh! you make me *tired!*"

—Has that medico-theological disputation about tears and other waters been settled as yet?

—Query: Why is a prohibitionist like a camel? Because he can go the year around without drinking.

—The latest in the tonsorial line among the Brownsons is a "dry" shave. "Shorty" has a monopoly of the trade.

—Tim, the Penman, and Jack Trapeze, will publish a booklet on "Pseudonyms and their Uses" in the near future.

—Shakspeare must have thought of the local columns when he wrote of giving "to airy nothing a local habitation."

—Says the Dean: "When the pilgrims first came to this country they fell on their knees, and then fell on the Aborigines."

—Mr. Hennessy has entertained the students in the Brownson "gym" with some excellent vocal solos during the past week.

—The dining car on the Mugby Junction line has pneumatic squeak shoes. Wonder what desperate scheme is being carried out?

—The news of Jewett's victory over Carey in New York city Saturday last was received with expressions of great joy by Harry's many friends here.

—Field Day is not far off, and the pedestrians and cyclists are out every morning on the race track to prepare themselves for the field sports.

—Handball is all the rage among the Seminary boys. There are some excellent players among them who could hold their own with older and more experienced champions.

—The field sports will be held on the 21st of this month. This change of a week gives those

who are to take part in the field day exercises ample time for training.

—Several of the South Bend High School football team visited the campus the other day getting "pointers" from Captain Coady in the way a Rugby team should be handled.

—Rumor has it that Jim Noseshine has sent to Europe for a chemical apparatus with which he intends to venture on a thorough analysis of the fluid secreted by the lachrymal glands.

—Oh! the boys of Brownson Hall,
Thought they could play ball,
But the Carroll boys so gay,
Took the cake and won the day;
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

—Those who have entered the contest for St. Edward's day are out practising every morning before breakfast. The list of entries is large, and it looks now as though there would be some very fine contests.

—It has been suggested that the cement walks between the main building and Music Hall, while ornamenting the landscape, are sufficient of themselves to bar any attempt at vandalism on the part of passing vehicles.

—Polonius' address to the Grads of '93:

Woe to the youth who does not reason well,
And gropes through Science when he cannot spell!
When common-sense knocks at his hollow pate
The echo comes, "I'm not at home—you're late."

—The members of the Athletic Association enjoyed the first of a series of calisthenic entertainments on Saturday evening last. Prof. Edwards was master of ceremonies, while Messrs. Chassaing, Monarch and Muldoon furnished the music.

—In a moment of despondency our friend John was heard to exclaim pitifully: "Ah, would I were as corpulent as my namesake among the Carrollites!" We condole with you, John; but we advise you to think of the heat of the summer months.

—On Wednesday morning Branch No. 1 of the Archconfraternity elected the following officers: Rev. S. Fitte, C.S.C., Director; J. Henley, President; M. P. McFadden, Vice-President; C. V. Chassaing, Secretary; R. Corcoran, Treasurer; J. Cumisky, Standard-Bearer.

—At the meeting of the first Carroll Hall branch of the Archconfraternity, held Friday, Sept. 23, the following officers were elected: President, H. Mitchell; Vice-President, Wm. Marr; Secretary, R. Slevin; Treasurer, J. Rend; Standard-Bearer, Geo. Gilbert.

—The Crescent Club held a reunion Wednesday evening in the Brownsons' reading-room. Refreshments were served, and the music was furnished by Messrs. Monarch, Burton and Chassaing. The South Bend Orchestra is promised for another *soirée* within two weeks.

—At half-past five o'clock last Wednesday a mouse was seen to pay a visit to one of the rooms, in Sorin Hall; but on being told by the

Prefect that there was positively no visiting in rooms, the quadruped quietly retired to the waste-basket that had afforded it shelter for lo! so many years.

—The fourth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Wednesday, Oct. 5, with Col. Hoynes presiding. The question for debate was "Resolved, That political life is a delusion and a snare." The speakers were Messrs. Corcoran and Heer on the affirmative, and Cook and McCuddy on the negative.

—The following fragment, which might have germinated into a poem next spring, was rudely snatched from the scratch pad of —:

"They call themselves the Iroquois,
The Sorin Hall queer four,
To make themselves conspicuous,
And simply nothing more."

—The "Chicagos" have at last been beaten; the "New York Stars" did it. Lynch's coaching and Rend's batting were about equal to—nothing. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
STARS:—I 1 0 2 1 0 1 2 2=10
CHICAGOS:—0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 4=8

—The second regular meeting of the Philopatrian Association was held Wednesday, Oct. 5. The following new members were elected: C. Fleming, N. G. Gibson, W. Allen, W. Evans, W. Girardin, J. Temple, C. Loser, E. Thome, E. Murphy, C. Krollmann, and W. Durand. Messrs. Gerdes and Yeager read well-prepared essays.

—Last Monday an exciting game of base-ball was played between the Carrollites of '92-3 and of '91-2. The game lasted seven innings, when B. P. found it necessary to save his boys from total disgrace by taking them away. Gilbert's three-bagger brought in three men.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7
'92-3:—5 0 1 0 2 4 3=15
'91-2:—7 0 0 0 6 0 0=13

—A local novelist of pre-eminence unparalleled has written a weird tale, the perusal of which effectuates a frigorific sensation in the unsophisticated bibliomaniac. The hero of this work, after astounding this sublunary hemisphere by achievements of preterhuman magnitude, "disencumbers his soul of its terrestrial envelopments," whereupon his betrothed, "compliantly with her irrevocable and irrefragable promissory assertions," marries his ghost!

—The "Blacks" and "Whites" of Brownson Hall played a good game of ball on Thursday afternoon. The features were the playing of Chassaing at short, Healy on third and the battery work of Funke and O'Neill. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
BLACKS:—0 1 1 2 7 3 0 1 15
WHITES:—0 0 0 0 0 0 6 0 6

2 Base Hits: Chassaing, O'Neill, Quinlan, Whitehead. Struck out: by Funke, 11; by Quinlan, 5. Batteries: Funke and O'Neill; Quinlan and Luther.

—The Members of the Iroquois Club held their semi-annual meeting on last Monday

evening in Room No. 31 of Sorin Hall. Fizz-jay-hu, the inventor of the Calumet, and She-wa-rah, his squaw, were engaged in a debate concerning the intrigues of the Ow-es-ems, with Ne-ju-et, the last lineal descendent of the Appalachicolas. Thereupon Chief Kaw-ar-nee followed with a speech that stirred up the belligerent spirit of his clan: a transformation scene took place; faces reappeared streaked with drawing ink and a wild war-whoop closed the meeting.

—The M. L. S. first nines are having some very exciting and close games for the fall championship. The "Blues" seem to have the best of it, as they have won three games and the "Reds" only one. The last championship game, although the score was large, was very exciting. At the end of the first half of the 8th inning the bell rang, and the score stood 16 to 14 in favor of the "Reds." The "Blues," who were to have their last inning, did not get it, therefore the score reverts to the seventh inning, which was 14 to 14. The features of the game were, Rebholz's and Bakewell's terrific batting, and the former's fine fielding at second-base. The batteries were Durbin and Roy for the "Blues," and Michels, Schlink, and Onzon, for the "Reds."

—The following is the programme of work in the English classes:

LITERATURE—*First Session*: Short Papers; Leaves from Experience.

CRITICISM—*Essay for Nov. 15*: On Some Literary Subject Suggested by the Reading in Class. *For Jan. 15*: "The Religion of Shakspeare as Shown by his Plays." *March 15*: Some Literary Subject Suggested by the Reading in the Class.

BELLES-LETTRES—*Nov. 15*: Introduction and Argument of Orations (Subjects chosen by the Professor). *Dec. 15*: Pathos in Sermons and the Peroration. *Feb. 15*: "The Celtic Influence on English Literature"; "Religion in the Poets, and Longfellow and Whittier." *April 30*: Essay on some Literary Subject Suggested by the Reading in the Course.

FOR THE ENGLISH ESSAY MEDAL: "Shakspeare and Molière as Writers of Comedy"; "The Sonnet in America"; "The Brook Farm Movement and its Meaning"; "The Pre-Raphaelite and Religious Influence on English Literature"; "The Catholic Influence on American Literature."

The Athletic Outlook.

"Say, SCHOLASTIC, why don't you write up the athletics?"—"Good idea; but where shall I begin?"—"Don't begin on me! See here; just go to Pat Coady, he'll fix you up in great shape for tips. Touch him on the football question and you can fill a page."

Acting on this friendly suggestion, the SCHOLASTIC reporter hied himself to the roost of the redoubtable foot-ball captain. A double knock on the door, and the cheery voice of the President of the O. S. M's called out "Come in!"

"Hello! SCHOLASTIC," said he, "take a chair. Have a drink? Plenty of fresh water in the pitcher there. Don't want a drink of water, eh? Well, read rule VII. there on the door and you will understand why I didn't go you a little better."

With this Pat took his feet down from the trunk and put himself into position to be interviewed. "The athletic outlook," he began, "is very good, as far as I can

see. All the boys are out practising for the different events and taking great interest in Field Day. The all-round medal? Well, I don't know who will get it. I suppose, though, if Roger Sinnott would go in for it right hard he would make as good a show, if not better, than anyone. Mike Quinlan has his hooks out for it, I hear, and several others among our Sorin Hall athletes are in the field. No, I don't think that Schaack will stand much of a chance for the first race. There's good material in Ahlrichs, though, if he'd bring it to the surface. Ahlrichs, you know, is of a very retiring disposition and doesn't like to let on. I don't think there will be a boat race this fall; at least I haven't heard of any preparations for one. The base-ball season is over now, and—Football? That's just what I was about to remark. I've had the fellows out practising, and we are going to have an elegant team. We played a practice game the other day, and it was the best thing ever done in that line here for a first game. I wish some of those new fellows would come out and show what they're made of. Another thing: I wish the boys would get up as strong a practice team as they can, to play against the "Specials." You see we want to play strong teams here, so that when we meet outsiders we can put up the best kind of a game. The team will be light, but will show up a good quality of football playing. Just give a few tips on that in the SCHOLASTIC. Well, it's time to get the fellows out to practice, so I'll have to leave. Here's Ahlrichs, though, next door; maybe he can give you some pointers."

A knock at Ahlrichs' door brought forth an "Open!" in that low, sweet tone peculiar to Southerners. The gentleman from Alabama was found deeply engrossed in "Ars Poetica." Laying aside his Horace for a few moments, he gave the reporter a few tips as Pat Coady predicted he would.

"I take a very active interest in athletics, though not such an active part as I would like to. I am so busy with my singing lessons and elocution outside of my regular work that I hardly find time for out-door exercise of any kind. Going to race? No, sir! there is absolutely no ground for that rumor; and if anyone mentions such a thing to you tell him from me that he is mistaken. I am not doing much in athletics just now, except practising ball a little to keep myself in trim till spring. I go out and play football a bit too, but not as a regular thing. The football habit is a very pernicious one, and once it gets holds of a man he leads a hard life. I don't want to contract it, so I fight shy of the campus nowadays.—What! going so soon? I meant no offence, you know, but—Oh! in that case it's all right. I'm in a hurry too. I see Brown is waiting down there to play ball. Good-bye!"

After wandering around for a while the reporter ran into Harry Ferneding. "Just the man I wanted to see," said the urbane Lord Chesterfield. "I want you to contradict the report that has been going the rounds here about my going into the field sports. You know last year I wasn't so busy as I am this year, and I engaged in them more for fun than anything else. This year, though, I came back not intending to do much in that line. But—just come up stairs where we can talk."

On entering his beautiful boudoir and taking a look at the splendid panorama of the barn, to be seen from his window, the genial Harry continued: "Yes, I am laying rather low just now. There are no boat-crews organized, and base-ball is about over. No I am not doing very much in athletics. Football is out of the question as my ankle is too weak. You know I had it badly hurt last year, and that prevented me from playing. My duties too as Vice-President of the Philodemics take up a great deal of my leisure moments so that I hardly would have time to practise should I wish to do so. The football outlook is especially bright, though I cannot tell as much about the team as I could were I playing. I like football, too, and am much annoyed about my ankle. I take great interest in athletics; in fact, I am perfectly in love with them, but I positively state that I shall not be a contestant on Field Day this year."

Silence ensued, intimating that no further communication was to be made, and the reporter graciously took his leave.

DuB.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Carney, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacey Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, J. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Joslyn, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, J. McKee, F. McKee, McCarrick, McAuliff, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, C. Scherrer, Schaack, Sinnott, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

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